THIS "SHERLOCK HOLMES" IS REAL

Henri Chegnay, a New York Dyer, Can Give Sir Conan's Hero "Cards" and "Spades" and Win.

GREAT FEAT OF DEDUCTION.

Accomplished Amateur Sleuth Tells The Evening World How He Concluded that Paper-Hanger and Roofer Robbed His Flat.

Henri Chegnay, of No. 251 West Eighty-eighth street, is modest or nothing, for, like his great ideal, the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes, of Baker street, London, he thinks nothing of refusing the credit of unravelling a great mystery. Chegnay is a dyer and has a place of business at No. 97 Bank street, but now and then, just for love of mental exercise, he "Sherlocks" in a quiet way.

At present the police are much amazed over the logical manner in which he unravelled the mystery of the theft from his own house of jewelry to the value of $411.

"Sherlock" does not like the honors that are being showered upon him, and he would have one believe that all the deducing was done by "My friend, Watson," who in this case is Detective Schendler. Chegnay says he only reported the robbery, and that Schendler "Sherlocked" around a bit, and explained the mystery, making two arrests so as to complete the job.

Complimented in Court.

Magistrate Cornell, however, knew to whom honor was due, and complimented the dyer upon his astuteness, at the same time asking how many times Chegnay's family was removed from that of S. Holmes.

An Evening World reporter saw the New York "Holmes," and the following dialogue is the result:

"I am a reporter from"——

"No I observe," the private detective murmured.

"Heavens! How did you deduce that?"

"From your remark to that effect," was the calm response.

"But joking aside"——

"And you seldom use the pen, but the telephone a great deal?" continued the sleuth.

"Explain, please."

"The tops of your fingers would indicate that you use the typewriter, while the glossy condition of your left elbow, coupled with the inclination of your head while listening to me, would point to a frequent, if not almost habitual, use of the telephone."

Not a Gaboriau Student.

"Wonderful! Have you studied—er—Gaboriau?"

"No, I have not; no more have you."

"Explain!"

"Because you stammered over the name."

"Excellent! Now, will you tell me how you deduced that the paper-hanger and the roofer, who are held for the Grand Jury next Monday, might have stolen your jewelry?"

"It is very simple. In fact, my dear Watson, as Sherlock would say, I marvel at your lack of perception.

How He Deduces Facts.

"The painter and the roofer are both working in the house. Mr. Chegnay, whom I must regard as a third person, is out, and Mrs. Chegnay also goes out, calling out to the janitress: 'I will not be back for some time.' The workmen hear and ask the janitress's daughter which is Chegnay's flat and if that handsome lady is Mrs. Chegnay. Observe the astuteness. You follow me?"

"Clearly."

"Good! They have some object in asking this question. That object must be deduced. Later, certain articles of value are missing from Chegnay's flat. Upon the floor we find a piece of blue wallpaper and a particle of mica.

"Mica, as you may observe, is not a particularly adhesive substance, and could not have been transported far from its original resting-place. Naturally we make a search. Floors are not carpeted with mica. What is mica used for? How did mica come upon the carpet? Ha! the roof! The roofing compound. We search and find traces of mica there. How did it come from the roof? Had some one been on the roof that morning? Had a workman been there? Yes. Good!

Nothing Escapes His Eye.

"Then there was the blue wall-paper. Careful examination reveals that the paper has been cut with a sharp instrument and is in no way frayed. There is only one instrument that can make this clean, straight cut—a pair of scissors. And the paper has been cut recently."

"How?" interrupted the reporter.

"The cut is fresh, for the edges are not yet curled, as a small piece of paper will twist in a short time.

"A little keen observation reveals the trivial fact that some one has been papering the wall with blue paper."

"Why a trivial fact?"

Discovery Becomes Important.

"It is of no avail for deductive purposes. Pieces may have been lying on the floor in the hall. Mrs. Chegnay's skirts may have dragged a piece into the room. But the discovery becomes important when we learn that the workman on the roof assisted the workman in the hall. They are both present when Mrs. Chegnay goes out. They seem much interested in her movements, and particularly in her residence.

"It is clear that the roofer carried the mica into the room, which fact surrounds the piece of wall-paper with many avenues of deduction, and the paper-hanger with suspicion."

"Amazing!"

But "Sherlock" yawned and relit his cigar. There was a pause for a moment.

"I'm sorry. I haven't one," he ejaculated sternly and suddenly.

"How by all that's analogy did you deduce that I was about to ask for your photograph?"

"I don't deduce it," replied "Sherlock" with a smile. "I saw it coming."

Mrs. Carter Harrison's Fairy Tales,

Which She Told to Her Own Children.

Mrs. Carter Harrison, the beautiful wife of the Mayor of Chicago, has been telling fairy stories to her children for a number of years. The fame of the beauty and charm of these stories soon spread beyond the Harrison household, and there were many requests for a repetition of them to larger audiences than the spellbound boy and girl for whom they were originally invented, and to whom they were at first exclusively related. In response to these requests Mrs. Harrison at last consented to the publication of some of the stories, and these will appear in a few days in an elegant volume handsomely illustrated in colors, which will be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. The three stories reprinted here in part are from an advance copy of the book which Mrs. Harrison kindly sent to THE EVENING WORLD.

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PRINCE SILVERWINGS.

Far, far away in a beautiful southern land, where the sky has nearly always the deep-blue tint of the ocean and the sun seems brighter than anywhere else in the world—far away in the midst of a great magnolia grove dwelt a little band of fairies.

Now, a fairy is a tiny creature, you

"ON THE TIP OF YOUR SMALLEST FINGER."

know. One could stand on the tip of your smallest finger and you would not feel its weight. So this band of fairies, though there were hundreds and hundreds of them, could all creep into the heart of a great magnolia blossom and sleep there as comfortably as you do in your own white bed.

The Queen of the fairies was very beautiful and kind, but also very strict. One thing she required without fail, and would never excuse her subjects for missing. This was that each day every fairy of her realm must perform one good deed. Should any subject fail once in this duty, he was not allowed to join in the nightly revel or dance. Should he fail more than once, he was made to pass the night in an ugly marsh near by, under the leaf of a tiger-lily.

Now the tiger-lily grows out of the cold, dreary marsh; the slime oozes up, the snakes crawl around, and the bugs and mosquitoes buzz and quarrel all night long. No sensible fairy would care to spend the night in such a horrid place. But one little chap had to go there a great deal.

He was not exactly bad, but he was awfully lazy; he wanted to play and have an easy time and at night he would remember, too late, that he had not done his good deed.

He was a handsome little fairy, too, with wings more beautiful than any save the Queen's; indeed, so brilliant and flashing were they that he was called "Silver Wings."

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The fairy Queen had never looked so lovely as she did that night, sitting upon her throne of yellow buttercups.

The Queen no sooner laid eyes upon Silver Wings than she knew that he was again in trouble.

When he admitted that he had no good deed to report for the day, she lost all patience and told him that he was banished from court for one whole month, and if on his return he could not tell of thirty good deeds done during the month she would sentence him to banishment forever.

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It was a weary fairy that finally reached a dirty housetop in the city, and curling himself up close to a chimney fell asleep, too tired and sad to look further for a more comfortable resting-place.

He was just about to fly away when he heard beneath him a sigh. Peeping over the edge of the roof he saw sitting near a window below him a pale, sad-faced little boy. A pair of crutches stood near by, and the room in which he sat was dark and poorly furnished. The boy had climbed upon a chair and was trying to get in the path of a sunbeam that struck across the window.

"Oh, if I could get a little sunlight on my face!" he murmured.

Silver Wings watched a few moments.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "I wish that I could help him, but I can hardly change the course of the sun."

Suddenly an idea came to him. Did you ever have any one catch the sun in a piece of looking-glass and throw it in your eyes?

Well, that is just about what our little fairy did.

He opened his beautiful wings, that shone like spun silver, and waved them gently in the sun. Back they flashed the golden sunlight in a perfect flood over the child's face, and the little cripple laughed with joy.

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Two weeks went by and Silver Wings began to lose heart. He had done but one good deed of the thirty that he must report to his Queen. Each day he would go to the boy's window and flash the sunlight over his face.

* * * * * * *

Slowly and sadly he approached his Queen. Never had she looked so beautiful. Clad in a dress of moonbeams,

"A LAZY FAIRY, CHASING BUTTERFLIES ALL DAY."

ornamented with golden stars, she stood in the centre of her brilliant court. She commanded silence from her subjects with a wave of her wand. Then bidding Silver Wings to give an account of his deeds she awaited his answer.

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"Alas!" he said, "I have only one to tell of."

Then he told them of the little cripple and how he had helped him and made his life more happy. This was all, and he was almost overcome with shame as he thought that he had spent the whole month in doing only this. But the next moment the Queen spoke.

"Oh, my Prince," she said, "you have done nobly indeed. You have brought health and happiness to one poor mortal, and your one great deed is worth many, many times thirty smaller ones. Before all of fairyland, I choose you to be my wedded husband, to share my throne, and to be our King."

And so Silver Wings was rewarded, and he and his lovely Queen reigned over fairyland long and happily, and their subjects always loved their kind and wise rulers.

CITY OF THE SEA KING

Of course you have heard of the mermaids—those queer creatures with a young girl's head and body and the tail of a fish instead of legs. You have read how they rise up out of the sea and sit all day upon the rocks, combing their shining hair and singing strange, sweet songs to charm the ears of passing sailors whom they wish to carry down to their wonderful palaces of coral and shells at the bottom of the ocean. But I doubt if you ever heard the story of the first mermaid, and why it is that they are half human and half fish. This is the way it all happened:

There once lived a king and queen who ruled over a stately city built upon the shores of the sea.

The King and Queen had but one child—the Princess Selpan. She was a lovely girl, as fair and stately as the lilies in her father's gardens, and as pure and sweet as the dew on the roses.

Far out in the depths of the ocean lived the Sea King, who controlled the winds and the waters of the world. He fell in love with the Princess.

* * * * * * *

He forgot to give the winds their orders, and they, like naughty children, did not do their duty, but spent their time idly playing about in the ocean caves.

While the winds were misbehaving in this way the days, of course, became very warm. At last it grew terribly hot, and a great pestilence visited the city. The people died at a fearful rate. No breeze blew in from the ocean to cool the suffocating air.

The King and Queen of the city sent messengers to lay the complaints of the suffering people before the monarch of the deep, but he would not receive them. Fish swam boldly out toward the green walls of the palace, but they got no further than the coral reefs outside the gates. Lobsters crawled slowly and painfully to the palace, feeling that their age and dignity would surely entitle them to a private audience, only to be met at the entrance by a solmen old porpoise, who reported his master too ill to attend to business. Those were fearful days!

At last, one day in despair the King and Queen assembled their subjects on the beach, and with pale faces and gasping brath, implored the hard-hearted Sea King to send them a cooling breeze, and thus relieve their great misery.

He spoke in a voice of thunder:

"I want but one jewel in your crown, oh, King—the Princess Selphan for my bride!"

At these terrible words the Queen fell to the ground in a faint, the King turned deathly pale, and the people looked at each other in horror.

In the midst of the excitement the

"THE CLOUD MAIDENS DRAWING WATER."

Princess Selpan herself arose among her maidens, tall and stately, but colorless as a Snow Queen.

"My father," she said, "if it will remove the sickness from our dear subjects, let the Sea King's wish be granted. I am willing, and have no fear."

* * * * * * *

"Have no fear for your daughter's happiness and safety. I love her with all my heart, and as long as she lives she shall receive all the honor and respect due to the Queen of the Sea."

Saying these words, he motioned to his horses, and the car disappeared beneath the waves.

At the same moment a delicious cool breeze sprang up over the water. The plague-stricken city was at last relieved.

The Sea King told the truth when he said that he loved his human wife, and the two lived very happily together.

In time they had many children, all of whom were half human and half fish, that is, they were born with the body of a human being and with the tail of a fish in place of legs.

At regular intervals of several years the King would allow one of his little daughters to return to that human world from which he had taken his wife. The grief of the mother at parting would be lost in joy at the knowledge that her child would become human and receive a soul.

When the mother and sisters had bade the little girl farewell, they would lull her into a deep sleep, and then lay her on the breast of a great broad wave.

While sleeping, the fish's tail would disappear, and in its place two little white legs grow out. Then the wave would bear her gently to the shore, where she would soon be found and cared for.

When next you hear of some baby girl being rescued from the ocean, you may know that just as likely as not it is the little sister of the mermaids.

THE CLOUD MAIDENS.

The Cloud Maidens are beautiful beings who dwell close up to the stars just under the blue ceiling of the heavens. They are the daughters of the old Storm King, and lovely as they are they have a great deal of work to do.

The Storm King is a stern father and requires strict obedience from his daughters. The slightest neglect of their work makes him very angry, and then his voice thunders and his eyes flash lightning glances through the sky.

So you can see he is not a pleasant old gentleman to provoke, and the maidens are cautious of making him angry. But when he is good-natured he sends the nice gentle rain to cool the earth, so the is not altogether bad.

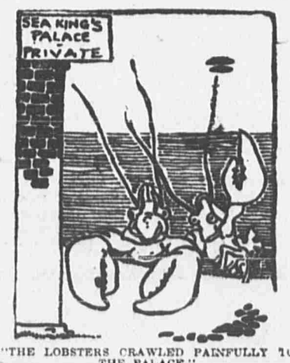
Now, all those lovely drops falling from the sky are drawn up first from the earth, and these charming maidens I am going to tell you about have that hard work to perform. They let down great golden buckets, held by long silken ribbons of color from the cloud palaces, and draw them slowly up again, filled with water.

Day in and day out the Cloud Sisters draw up their jewelled pails until the cloud palaces are filled to overflowing, and then, carefully locking and closing the gates, they await the old Storm King's orders for rain.

The cloud palaces are very beautiful. They lie white against the blue sky like great mountains of snow, or shimmer, at noonday, in fleecy patches of wool across the heavens. Toward sunset they are quite gorgeous and put on their festal robes, and then every color of the rainbow seems to mingle with them.

Now the Cloud Maidens live in these glowing regions during the day, and their long streaming skirts float behind them when they sail across the sky.

At night, however, when they have locked the palace gates and given the keys into the keeping of the Storm King, they rest from their labors, and choos-



"THE LOBSTERS CRAWLED PAINFULLY TO THE PALACE."

ing a pretty spot in which to sleep, they wait there until morning.

Their bright faces shine out from the heavens like stars, and people on the earth looking up and seeing the sparkling cluster call them the Seven Sisters.

PARTRIDGE SITS AT WALSH'S DESK

Commissioner Calls Unexpectedly at the Tenderloin Police Station and Reviews Platoon in Absence of the Captain.

"SMILING DICK" NAPPING.

The Precinct Commander Did Not Appear Until After Midnight, but His Chief Spoke Well of Him After Brief Interview.

The Tenderloin was thrown into a state of excitement during the night by the unexpected appearance in the district of Police Commissioner Partridge.

No one quite knew what the visitation might mean. Some were curious, some felt honored, while the great majority doing business in the Tenderloin cafes felt apprehensive.

The Commissioner did not seem in the least anxious to conceal his movements, but walked straight toward the Thirtieth street station, where he occupied the chair behind the desk in the absence of Capt. Walsh.

It was then that the Commissioner had an opportunity of studying the peculiarities of Tenderloin work when a small larceny case was examined. He made no comment upon the actions of the sergeant at the desk, but seemed highly interested in the proceedings. He afterward approved of the despatch with which the case had been examined and disposed of.

Bored by Lack of Excitement.

Things got rather dull after that. Capt. Walsh had not appeared and the Commissioner looked tired. He saw two plain-clothes men working in the captain's room, and it is thought he did not like this for the men left the room suddenly a few minutes later.

It was now 12 o'clock, and the midnight platoon lined up for duty. Capt. Walsh was still conspicuous by his absence, so Commissioner Partridge took this opportunity of reviewing the men, each of whom threw out his chest and tried his utmost to sustain the reputation of "Smiling Dick's" command.

The Commissioner nodded approvingly. The platoon was hardly dismissed before Capt. Walsh hurried into the station. He seemed to have been forwarned of the Commissioner's presence and greeted him with a smart salute, at the same time ushering his chief into his private room. There they remained in close conference for fifteen minutes.

Approves of "Smiling Dick."

Interviewed afterward regarding the object of his visit, Commissioner Partridge said:

"I just called to see Capt. Walsh about a matter upon which I wished information not later than to-night. Incidentally I looked the men over and complimented the captain on their appearance. I think Capt. Walsh is a good man, and, being young, he is what this precinct needs."

The news that Commissioner Partridge had left the district spread like fire in a dry gale, but the mystery surrounding the visit will remain a nine-day wonder.

TO BOOM EDWARD M'CALL.

Candidate for Supreme Court an Amateur Ball Player in 1880.

Edward Everett McCall, one of the Tammany candidates for Justice of the Supreme Court, was one of the best amateur baseball players in New York twenty years ago. He played right field on the Leos, an organization that held the local championship for several years, beating such ambitious teams as those captained by "Charlie" Murphy, now leader of Tammany, and by State Senator Featherson.

The Leos have now reorganized to promote the political success of their old comrade. Among the old Leos were ex-Congressman Edward Dunphy, "Billy" Griffiths, one of the best batsmen of the early '80s; John J. Kelly, Edward J. Condon, manager of the old team; Richard Callanan, John J. McNally, Jack Harrington, the Patton boys and the Norton boys.

WIFE SAVES JEWELER'S LIFE

Mrs. Pulver, Novelist-Playwright, Finds Husband Unconscious.

Walter B. Pulver, a Jersey City jeweler, was found unconscious in his room at his home, No. 521 Storm avenue. The room was filled with gas which had escaped from a burner turned on. Mrs. Pulver, who slept in an adjoining room with her two young children, was awakened by a suffocating feeling and, going into her husband's room, found him unconscious on the bed. She threw open the windows and called for assistance.

Pulver was removed to the City Hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition. His wife said she did not believe that he had intentionally turned on the gas, as he had no reasons as far as she knew to attempt to end his life. Mrs. Pulver is the author of several books and plays.

DESPOTIC IS PIPER'S RULE.

Negligent Policemen Find that Loitering, Uncalled-For Conversation and Soiled Gloves Are Crimes in Deputy's Code.

MANY TO FACE A TRIAL.

Captain's Morning Rounds Result in Exposure of Unmilitary Habits Common to the Weary Patrolman but Hateful to the Soldier.

From the number and character of cases on the blotter for trial by Commissioner Partridge it is evident his new deputy, Capt. Ross Piper, who was formerly in the United States Army, has brought militarism into the Police Department with a vengeance.

When President Roosevelt was a Police Commissioner he was in the habit of waking up policemen who fell asleep on their beats and giving them good advice. But none of that for Capt. Piper. According to his ritual a man who goes to sleep on his beat ought to be hanged.

He has not found one asleep yet, but he is searching diligently and expresses hope. He has found, however, a policeman committing the almost unpardonable offense of having a soiled white glove, and that, too, at the very entrance of the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge. That man goes to trial next Thursday.

And another policeman had his hand in his pocket! The new Commissioner met him at Beekman street and Park Row. Of course the policeman did not know the new Commissioner, but he soon became acquainted. It was 3 A. M.

"Attention!" shouted the new Deputy.

"Who'n the devil are you? Brush by, brush by, young fellow," said the policeman, waving his superior aside.

"I am the Deputy Commissioner," said Capt. Piper, "Attention!" and the policeman stood like a clothing store dummy. The Deputy drew his manual of rules of the Department from his pocket and after a brief consultation with the book said:

"You are guilty of the offense mentioned in rule 139, section 6, paragraph M. Appear for trial next Thursday morning."

But when he found Policeman Dennis Shea, of the Bridge Squad, at the Bridge entrance at 3.15 o'clock the same morning wearing a soiled white glove, the indignation of the disciplinarian was intense. Looking it up in the book Capt. Piper found that Shea was guilty of violating rule 31, paragraph L, ordered him to appear for trial and confiscated the soiled glove as evidence.

Going on up Park Row the new Commissioner found a policeman at Chatham Square who was lounging along and not walking stiff and straight like a soldier on dress parade. Capt. Piper gave him a verbal dressing down, showed him how to keep his shoulders thrown back, his head up, his chest out and his eyes forward, and told him he wanted him to walk that way, even at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Turning back the new Commissioner went to the Church street station and was about to open the iron gate in the railing to get back of the desk when the sergeant, who did not know him, commenced an oration in vehement swear words that illustrated his opinion of the stranger.

"But I am the new Commissioner," said Piper.

"Well, why didn't you say so? I don't know you. You can't come around here like that. It doesn't make any difference who you are. What do you want?"

"I want to see your blotter," said the Commissioner.

"Where's your authority?"

The Commissioner had to show his brand-new shield and then the blotter was handed to him. He found several blank spaces for the officers to sign, and he said:

"This is in violation of rule No. 212, paragraphs B to T. I will have the Captain prefer charges against you," and he did.

The next time the new Commissioner appeared on the street he found Policeman Charles S. Boll standing at the corner of Franklin street and Broadway for ten minutes without moving and he preferred charges of loitering against him.

A few minutes later he commenced counting the ten minutes which elapsed while Policeman Charles Hass stood at the same corner and conversed with a citizen. A charge was also made against him.

FLUNG FROM A FIRE TRUCK.

While responding to an alarm of fire Hook and Ladder Truck No. 18 turned the corner of Delancey and Attorney streets this morning with such speed that Patrick Quail, the fireman in charge of the tiller which guides the rear truck, was thrown from his seat, striking on his head on the sidewalk ten feet away.

Partially unconscious, he was sent to Gouverneur Hospital, where it was said that he had sustained a concussion of the brain and possibly a fracture of the skull.

BATTLE-AXE FOR EX-STAR BOARDER.

Christian Gabriel, Angry and Jealous Husband, Gets Revenge, but May Suffer.

Up to two weeks ago John Rochelle was the star boarder in the house of Christian Gabriel, of No. 1113 Second avenue. Then he and Gabriel had words and he went away.

A week later Mrs. Gabriel disappeared. The next day her husband got a letter from her intimating that Rochelle knew more of her than her husband.

Gabriel found out that Rochelle was living at No. 55 Java street, Williamsburg. Last night, with a knife in each hip pocket and a small battle-axe in his hand, he went over there.

Rochelle met him at the door. There was a vivid mix-up. The battle-axe played a conspicuous part for a few minutes. Chairs were broken, pictures smashed, bric-a-brac pulverized and a terrible uproar started. The ex-star boarder managed to get the axe away from the angry husband, but one of the knives was resorted to and Rochelle was badly sliced before help came.

Gabriel was arrested and Rochelle was sent to the Eastern District Hospital. He is in a dangerous condition. Gabriel was held without bail in the Ewen Street Court to-day to await the result of Rochelle's injuries.